The Man and His Job

By Herbert J. Hapgood.

ONE of the many difficulties experienced by the sales-manager arises from the trouble he has in keeping his men in their respective territories. The problem becomes particularly troublesome with a line like typewriters, trading stamps, cash registers or an article that is sold to small merchants or direct to the people. A large sales force is employed in putting such propositions on the market and consequently the territories are easily accessible one to another and the temptation for one man to encroach upon the other's exclusive field becomes very great. When a man sees a prospect that looks good just across the line, the chances are he will jump over and try to get a contract.

The other day a man who used to sell typewriters came to me and said he couldn't make good on the proposition mainly because his rights of territory were so often violated. While this seemed a pretty thin excuse for his not being able to sell the machines, I was nevertheless impressed by his complaint and am somewhat inclined to believe that sales-managers generally do not give the matter sufficient attention.

He said that one morning as he was working a remote corner of his territory—it was somewhere in Connecticut—he went into an office and found that one of their typewriters had been recently put in on trial. The boss was out at the time he called, but he got into the good graces of the young lady stenographer—as all typewriter salesmen try more or less successfully to do—and learned the whole story.

It would have been an easy matter for him to have reported the incident to his sales-manager, but he knew that the man who encroached on his territory would offer the old excuse of saying that the prospect was a personal friend of his. So he decided to punish the intruder in a more original manner and accordingly he took out the machine, and had the man searching for it for over two weeks.—New York Commercial.

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Why Women Talk Little

By George Harvey.

CAN it be that Nature is reasserting her authority? We may not deny that upon all females, except those politely considered as human, she did and does enjoin submissive silence. It is the cock that crows, the gander that honks, the father bird that sings, the bullfrog that gulps, and even the masculine grasshopper that stridently rasps his wings. So to-day, in conformity with barbaric custom, quietude is imposed upon the harem of a Turk as upon that of a chanticleer, but how long since not without cause did we suppose we perceived the disappearance of the habit among civilized peoples!

Are we not, then, driven to the conclusion that women of to-day are beginning to talk less in the hope of thus better pleasing men? If so, while commending the motive, we would unhesitatingly question the method. American women err grievously in assuming that their actual or would-be lords dislike to hear them converse upon all suitable occasions. The mere music of their voices as contrasted with the raucous male note easily counterbalances any possible disparity in the ideas expressed. And, compared with sheer stupidity or studied sulkiness, loquacity is a joy to all mankind. Upon all grounds, therefore—in the interest of progress and enlightenment, for the unburdening of the spirit, to enhance cheerfulness, to discourage care, to brighten the home, for sincerity's sake no less than for circumspection's, even for the preservation of peace and quiet within and without the American family—we cry out for a loosening of the delicate tongues now so strangely and so suspiciously stilled.—North American Review.

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America's Bargain Counter

By Frank W. O'Malley.

IF that Englishman of Lowell's, whose notion of America was that of a great stretch of bargain-counter strung along the seaboard, founded his conception of the United States upon a glimpse from a schooner off Atlantic City, neither you nor any one else would blame him. The Boardwalk is a string of shops on one side facing the sea, and they are, next to the thousands of promenaders, the most interesting things there. You may have hurried away from the towny shops back in Atlantic avenue when you noted that they sported grossly material things like heads of cabbage and sides of beef, but out here among the Boardwalk shops you will find nothing on sale except everything in the world that you haven't the slightest use for. They've thrown away the fronts of the shops so that you the better may see the near-Japanese gimcracks that our studious and spectacled and suave little brown brothers are selling through the medium of a well-groomed white auctioneer, who repeats the bids offered as though he were revealing a great secret sorrow. Here are Persian, Syrian and Turkish rugs, some designed and built in a post village like Bagdad centuries ago, no doubt, and many more that were designed there centuries ago but only recently have been built for the Western rich in the applied art centres of Camden, which is in New Jersey. Toy-shops fairly embrace one another. Picture post-cards are even more numerous than around the Hotel Venus at Santiago—rows and racks of them that litter tables and climb ceilingward along three walls.—Everybody's Magazine.

Wanted One Mourner.

The lawyer was drawing up Enpeck's will "I hereby bequeath all my property to my wife," dictated Enpeck. "Got that down?" "Yes," answered the attorney. "On condition," continued Enpeck, "that she marries within a year." "But why that condition?" asked the man of law. "Because," answered the meek and lowly testator, "I want somebody to be sorry that I died."—The Argonaut.

Esperanto.

"What do you call the Chinese man who brings us tea?" asked the man with the goggles of the girl with the giggles.

"Tee-hee," was her reply.

Snake Pulled Man Up a Tree.

C. M. Carson, of Washington, and Fred M. Slater of Bethany, found a huge black snake near West Alexander hanging from a hole in a hollow tree. When Carson grasped the snake's tail to pull it out the reptile wrapped itself about his wrist and gradually pulled him from the ground.

Slater severed the snake's body with a corn-cutter to release his companion, whose wrist was severely wrenched. The forepart of the reptile disappeared into the tree.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

The Huichol Indians of northwest Mexico, who have for years resisted the efforts of missionaries to work among them, have a Noah's ark legend which they accept as gospel.

BATTLE CRY.

More than half beaten, but fearless,
Facing the storm and the night;
Breathless and reeling, but tearless,
Here in the lull of the fight,
I who bow not but before Thee,
God of the fighting Clan,
Lifting my fists I implore Thee,
Give me the heart of a Man!

What though I live with the winners
Or perish with those who fall?
Only the cowards are sinners,
Fighting the fight is all.
Strong is my Foe—he advances!
Snapt is my blade, O Lord!
See the proud banners and lances!

O spare me this stub of a sword!
Give me no pity, nor spare me;
Calm not the wrath of my Foe.
See where he beckons to dare me!
Bleeding, half beaten—I go.
Not for the glory of winning,
Not for the fear of the night;
Shunning the battle is sinning—
O spare me the heart to fight!

Red is the mist about me;
Deep is the wound in my side;
"Coward" thou criest to flout me?
O terrible Foe, thou has lied!
Here with my battle before me,
God of the fighting Clan,
Grant that the woman who bore me
Suffered to suckle a Man!

—John G. Neihardt, in The Outing Magazine.

Polly Grey

By Nan Todd.

It was a glorious June morning. Across the meadows wafted a breeze as delicate in fragrance as the coloring of the trees and grass over which it danced. But in spite of all this summer sweetness, Polly Grey was not happy. It was the day of the first picnic of the year, which glowing event was to be celebrated in some nearby woods. Polly had planned to go, when her mother had been unexpectedly called to nurse a sick neighbor, and the little girl had been obliged to stay at home and care for her aged, helpless grandmother; besides, there were cakes to bake, and this is not any fun on a summer's day. The Greys were poor. It was only by her skill in cooking that Mrs. Grey managed to find a livelihood for the little family of three. Polly sighed woefully as she opened the oven door. The cakes were not near done. The day was not a bit as she had planned.

"Hello," called a voice suddenly from the outside.

"Hello," Polly answered, unlatching the kitchen door upon four girls gathered near the steps.

"Can't you go to the picnic, Poll?" asked one of the group.

"Nope."

"Why?"

"Mother's gone away. I've got to stay at home and take care of grandma. There are some horrid cakes to bake, too."

"For Nancy Hyde's wedding. I s'pose. My! I should think you'd feel grand havin' your ma bake cakes for that wedding. I'd love to go. The man Nancy is goin' to marry is awful rich. You could carry the cakes over, Poll, and maybe you could see something." But Polly was inconsolable.

"Well, I'd leave my grandma for a minute," tempted another voice. "She wouldn't mind if you ran down to the woods and right back."

But as Polly Grey would make no plans, the girls, anxious to join their friends, hurried away leaving a disappointed, teary-eyed girl to watch them until they had disappeared in the bend of the road.

"Polly," called Grandmother Grey presently from across the kitchen. "What are you doing? When is your mother coming back?" and the grandchild dutifully answered the old lady's questioning.

Later, the cakes were put upon a high schelf out of the old cat, Tabby's reach. The work done, the morning dragged into early afternoon. Grandmother Grey had fallen asleep in her armchair, and the big kitchen was very still. Polly leaned disconsolately on the table and looked out of the window, frowning deeply.

"The cakes are all baked, and I wouldn't be but a minute," she whispered, trying to convince herself of the justness of her thoughts. She turned and tiptoed to her grandmother's side, and stood looking down upon the sleeping old lady. Polly was certain her grandmother har never neglected a duty; but then grandma had lived in a time when, according to stories, girls never wanted to be disobedient. Tabby rubbed against her little mistress' dress but the girl paid no heed. She was thinking of her friends, the deep woods—and her mother's tired face. Two minutes dragged by.

She felt suddenly oppressed. With haste, she opened the door and, as she did so, the draft caused a volume of smoke to pour from every conceivable crevice of the kitchen stove. Tabby rushed out of doors. Polly, dazed, followed, stumbling down the steps. What met her eyes made her poor little heart fairly stop beating. For near the chimney, where the roof sagged, a brick had broken away and a flame was fiendishly lapping the rotten shingles.

"Oh, what will I do?" sobbed the frightened girl. She looked frantically down the road, but not a person was in sight. She ran back into the house, crying, "Grandma!"

The room was already blue with smoke. The woman had awakened. "What is the matter?" she asked.

"Oh—I must get you away. The house is on fire. I'll drag your chair out. Sit awful still. Oh, please, grandma, I'm not afraid."

It was no easy task to pull the chair across the kitchen floor; but Polly gained her ground inch by inch. Then came the question of how she could get the chair and its precious freight down the steps. But not a minute must be lost; the flames had multiplied and were rising higher and higher.

"Hold tight, grandma," Polly choked, down the steps she dragged the chair to a place out of danger, and then she rushed back to the kitchen and carried the cakes out.

"Oh, if someone would only come," she cried. "Grandma, what will I do?"

"Polly Grey," said the old lady in a voice the granddaughter had never remembered hearing her use, "you're a Grey. Get a ladder—there must be one in the woodhouse. Climb to the roof, with a pail of water. Oh, if I were only young!"

And Polly obeyed. Pail after pail of water was emptied upon the roof; still the tongues of flames malignantly seethed and crackled. Polly was now discouraged. Her limbs ached, and her head swam with the heat of the sun and flames. She grew dizzy, and, afraid of falling, felt for the ladder and slipped down to the ground. Then she heard the sound of carriage wheels in the road, and before she realized what had happened, a cheery voice called, "Hi, there!" The speaker was a young man. The stranger and Polly worked hard and fast against the flames. After a time their labor was rewarded, for the fire now smouldered feebly. Danger was passed.

"A close call," the young fellow exclaimed, slipping on his coat, which he had hastily discarded.

"Indeed it was, and thank you, sir," said Grandmother Grey. "My grandchild was about tuckered."

Polly was indeed tired. The excitement over, she had fallen to the ground, sobbing bitterly. The man crossed the space of the garden to her side.

"I say,' he consoled, bending over her, "it is all over."

"My grandma—"

"She is all right," he said.

"But I nearly went away and left her," sobbed Polly.

"But you didn't," he answered, not knowing exactly what to say.

"Oh," sobbed Polly, who felt all of a sudden an overwhelming confidence in this kindly young man.

"I see," he replied, after the girl's entire confession of the afternoon's temptation. "Miss—"

"Polly Grey."

"Well, Miss Polly Grey, you wouldn't have gone to the picnic, and you know you wouldn't."

And then a very strange thing happened. For the young man was no other than the prospective bridegroom of the beautiful Nancy Hyde, for whom Mrs. Grey had baked the cakes which Polly rescued. And the little girl was invited to the wedding that was the interest of the countryside for miles around.

She was a very penitent, thankful and a much wiser little Polly Grey.—Detroit Free Press.

Old Slave Market of Memphis.

Grim, unsightly, paintless, seamed and crooked throughout its masonry, there stands today an old brick building on Adams street, midway between Main and Second, about which clusters more of history and of change than can be compressed into song or story. It is situated just on the east of the alley midway between Main and Second streets and is used as a shelter for the city prisoners who are worked on the rock pile.

If you will take the trouble to step to the westward side of this old building, where it faces the alley, and glance up along its second story you may still discern the inscription: "Negro Mart and Livery Stable," or as much of it as time has not pencilled out. The last letter of the word "Stable," and the last letter of the word "Mart" are gone. The others are dimmed with age and might pass unnoticed unless you look a second time.

Time was, nearly a half century ago when this was a famous Negro market. It was presided over, in its time, by not less a man than Gen. Forrest himself. Thousands of negroes were bought and sold within its walls, and hundreds of thousands of dollars passed there from buyer to vendor. One old, gray headed negro told the writer a few days ago:

"I'se seen many a bushel of money piled up on the upstairs flo'—gold money, sah, in de ole days. Yes, sah, I remembers Gin'l Forrest, an' he was de beateness' man I evah seen. Dey done what he tole 'em, sah; an' he only tole 'em onct."—Memphis Commercial Appeal.

It is said that a growth of ivy absorbs the moisture from a stone wall rather than imparting it, as is popularly supposed.

WHERE GRIEG LIVED.

Woman Tells of His Visit to Widow of Great Composer.

While we were in Bergen we were invited out to luncheon with Madame Greig. Their home lies out in the country, about a half hour's ride from Bergen and on the banks of a big lake. We were received by Madame Greig at the station, and after a walk of twenty minutes we came to their charming villa.

As we came to the big gate leading through the garden we were shown a big tree where Greig always had a sign in four languages, reading, "Mr. Edward Greig is not at home to any one before 4 p. m." You know he was a sick man, and he was so bothered by tourists that he found it necessary to protect himself that way. Madame Greig received us in the big living room, which loving friends had fairly filled with blooming plants for her first lonely homecoming the day before. Naturally she was very sad, but as we were all friends who had known and loved Greig it was her sad pleasure to see us and to talk of him. She showed us every little detail of the room.

After our coffee we all, with the exception of Madame Greig, went to visit the little house where Greig did most of his composing. We had to descend steps and winding walks until at the end of the big garden on the edge of the lake we came to a plain little house consisting of one room, the "holy of holies." Opposite the door was one large window, in front of which stood a plain deal table with a small armchair and a footstool. On the table were his pens and pencils, pot of glue, blotter, paper weight—everything that he used. The whole room had the air of being left only for a short while and of waiting for his return. On each side of the window was a place for a set of shelves, where he kept his scores. By the door was another set of shelves, where were all his manuscrips. I asked if it were not dangerous to leave his original works so unprotected. I was told that the Norwegian folk are so honest that no one would think of taking them.

As an example of Greig's humor we were shown a slip of paper on his desk on which he had written the following: "To anyone who may enter here: Please take anything that may please your fancy, but kindly leave me my manuscripts which are of interest to no one but myself." He always left that slip there when he went away. The rest of the furniture of the room consisted of a sofa, two chairs and a little old cracked upright piano that he said was "good enough to compose on.'

From there we went across the garden, past the house where we saw Madame Greig's face smiling sadly at us out of the window down to the other side of the water. In the side of a cliff about fifty feet high lying about twenty-five feet from the ground we saw a stone slab cemented solidly in the cliff with the inscription "Edward Grieg.' There, looking out over the beautiful lake, in the midst of pine trees, with only nature for his companions, the rough, rugged Norwegian nature that gave him his birth and whose beauties he made known to the world in his music—there he wished to lie, and there he is.

Below us, on the edge of the water, were two workmen shovelling broken stone into the water by the landing place. We were told that Grieg wished to be alone there, and that was being done to prevent boats from landing. The slab is about five feet square. Beneath it we hung the wreath with the American colors which we took with us. After a half hour or more with Mme. Greig, we walked to the station and took the train to town. As we rolled out of the station we saw that lonely little black figure waving a farewell from the platform.—Mrs. Charles Cahier in Indianapolis News.

Their Game.

A poor lady the other day hastened to the nursery and said to her little daughter:

"Minnie, what do you mean by shouting and screaming? Play quietly like Tommy. See, he doesn't make a sound"

"Of course he doesn't," said the little girl. "That is our game. He is papa coming home lite, and I am you."—Everybody's Magazine.

The English Way.

You get into your morning second-class compartment on the S. E. and C. Railway to come up to the office. You meet in the main the same nine other men every day. You do this for months, nay years; but you never speak. If you venture to make the bad, bold, rash experiment, you are frozen to death with a look as if to say, "What the deuce do you mean by speaking to me?"—Grocer's Assistant.

No Genius.

"He is very clever, but evidently far from a real genius."

"What makes you think so?"

"Why, he is fairly punctual about keeping his appointments."—Kansas City Times.